

THE SALT LAKE
HERALD-REPUBLICAN
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THE SALT LAKE HERALD
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GETS ANOTHER REPORTER.

We note with pleasure that the Tribune has a new reporter. One L. E. Driskell, who qualified for place on the Tribune staff by killing Special Officer Riley, has joined the corps of contributors who won their highest fame with the Unitarian church story.

Mr. Driskell has a keen sense of the value of the "scoop," and so when he goes out and kills a man, he preserves a noble reticence, as is the manner of geniuses, until such time as he is ready to print it in his own paper. And then Reporter Driskell speaks.

We will have to say for Mr. Driskell that he uses better language than that of the rest of the staff to which he has added himself. His English is decidedly to be emulated by them. And there is a graphic impressiveness in the manner in which he describes the secreting of his revolver in the waistband of his "pants." That is rather fetching.

Always it is the human interest touch that goes home—the touch in which so many of the rest of us are painfully and consciously deficient. So that when Reporter Driskell describes the wonderful quickness of his draw, and the matchless accuracy of his aim, he has led directly up to the climax of poor Riley's fall, mortally wounded, into the gutter. It is very graphically done.

And there is the final touch of graciousness in Mr. Driskell's amiable insistence that he is a murderer; a convincing quality in his description of the manner in which he has persuaded George Sheets to accept his story as true; a winning sweetness in his detail touching the third degree to which he has subjected himself—and a sweet reticence in neglecting to mention the release that is promised him as soon as the election is over.

So that, one can only wonder if the Tribune will discharge Reporter Driskell if it should turn out that he doesn't plead guilty when arraigned and charged with the crime of Officer Riley's most untimely taking off.

THE CARTOON AND THE CARTOON.

Always and everywhere the cartoon has a good deal to do with the effectiveness of a campaign. John McCutcheon has probably turned more votes with his pencil in the Chicago Record, and later in the Chicago Tribune, than any public speaker that ever went on a stump.

And the Herald-Republican is a little proud of the work of its own cartoons in the present campaign in this city. Mr. Bowman has great grasp of his subject, a perfect understanding of the nicknames that need expression so they will be remembered. And he has the skill to put down on paper the salient points of the argument.

That is a particularly successful effort of Tuesday morning. Everyone recalls the fine old picture called "The Spirit of Seventy-six." The people back of the present city party's candidates for office declare their cause is the same sacred, glorious and patriotic one that inspired the men who made the immortal trio of the revolutionary day. And the artist has successfully expressed sanity's view of the bosses' claim.

And it is a great trio that has been linked together by the logic of the present situation. John Bransford, father of the stockade, helper of the official contractor in every effort at graft, backer of the bootleggers who order city fire engines without authority of the council, adviser of ways and means to spend the money. He is Number One.

Martin Mulvey, declared by the Tribune, his own party organ, to be a gambler, the friend of crooks, the promoter of prizefights, and the representative of the underworld. He is Number Two.

And George Sheets, who when chief of police managed a settlement by which the thieves gave back one thousand dollars of ten thousand stolen, drove the victims—whom the Tribune called "suckers from Scotland"—out of town, and never molested the robbers. And George is Number Three.

Nice trio, aren't they, to be asking for control of the city again?

You watch the cartoons, for they are going to make even more clear the already perfectly evident truth that Mr. Bransford and his friends should be defeated.

DON'T INSIST ON BEING BLIND.

Let the good people of Salt Lake look the truth fairly in the eye.

The men now in office, and demanding another lease of power, have spent more than a million dollars a year for the past four years. The improvement has not been paid for out of that four million dollars. Improvements are paid for by the owners of property benefited by the work. You understand that. The city doesn't pay for the paving. The city doesn't even pay for the street intersections, but divides that expense up among the property owners in the district to be improved.

No. That million a year has gone almost wholly into the salary list, and the basket of melons. Pretty big graft, isn't it?

People who have paving done know that it costs almost double now what it did four years ago. And yet four years ago the workmen receiving the wages were citizens of the United States. Now they are gangs of Japanese.

People who have sidewalk done now know the city charges them a dollar a running foot, and the same contractor will do the work at private contract for sixty-five cents a foot. Where do you think the other thirty-five cents go?

It cost a dollar and seventy-five cents a foot for sewer four years ago, and now it costs two and a quarter. Why?

Good people, there is no sound reason for these increased charges, except that a party that lives on hate is a mighty expensive luxury.

Professional patriots, you know, can't afford to pose for nothing. They make a profit at sixty-five cents, but they need the other thirty-five, and they believe, if they can make you mad enough, you will vote to let them have it.

Things like ten-thousand-dollar donation to the contractor for pumping out a west side sewer the water he himself had permitted to accumulate there—those little departures from honesty are not to be commended. And they will be repeated, as certain as fate, if the good people of Salt Lake shall give the professional patriots another lease of power.

They gave Pat Moran seventy thousand dollars in cash for plastering a conduit which, had it been constructed according to contract, never would have needed plastering, or any other reinforcement. And

at that, there isn't a man, living or dead, who dare say that the conduit has been plastered. Mark that! Be reasonable. Don't insist on being blind. Remember, they are robbing you, and every property owner in the city. Remember there is no need of it. The Republicans are not going to stop public improvement. The Republican party never was a party of mossbacks, never was a party of reaction. It always was for progress, for improvement, for advancement.

But it will insist on having a dollar's worth of work done for the dollar of public money that is expended. And the Republican party will insist on telling the people just what has been done with their money. The Republican party will not stop improvement. It will only stop the graft.

THAT HELPS SALT LAKE CITY.

Say a good word when you can.
About a year ago Mr. J. J. Daly, who has big interests in this city and in Butte, bought the ground at the corner of Fourth South and State streets, and there erected a modest-looking hotel. People paid no great attention to it, and not until it was completely ready for receiving business did Salt Lake realize what a perfect gem of a place was expressed in the Moxum hotel.

The public now knows it for a creditable establishment. No place of public entertainment so admirably constructed, so perfectly equipped, so beautiful in its every appointment, can be viewed as anything less than a genuine addition to the approved possessions of the city.

And later, when another corner, that at Fourth South and Main, was bought and devoted to the use of a row of one-story buildings, Mr. Daly purchased the property, at a largely advanced price, and declared his intention to erect there a massive building in perfect keeping with the splendid and impressive surroundings of the district.

That is a service to the whole community. It would have been a misfortune to see erected diminutive buildings on that property. And it is a thing for which Salt Lake must thank Mr. Daly that he has made secure the presence there of a structure fit to stand with the Newhouse buildings, with the Salisbury building, and the Judge building, with the new hotel to rise presently on the opposite corner, and the rest of the modern buildings of the neighborhood.

Mr. Daly's work is an expression of public spirit, an example of public service.

WHAT A REPUBLICAN DEFEAT MEANS.

A year ago, when the Republican ticket was so triumphantly elected, one of the most sagacious of the city party, when asked his explanation of his friends' defeat, promptly replied: "George Sheets. We couldn't expect to win with a man of his bad record to apologize for and defend."

George Sheets is still on the shoulders of the city party. It is perfectly understood why the leaders of that party dare not "throw" him. And yet he is not the sort of man who should be sustained. Here, in brief, is one of the reasons why he and his backers should be made to feel the weight of the public's displeasure:

DIGEST OF GEORGE SHEETS' CONNECTION WITH THE McWHIRTER CASE.

George Sheets testified that he was chief of police when McWhirter came into his headquarters in company with the bogus policeman, who wore a police officer's badge. McWhirter asked him if the man was an officer, and Sheets said "No." The pretended policeman, assisted by four others, had robbed McWhirter of ten thousand dollars in cash an hour before. Sheets said he would try and get some of the money back again, but did not arrest the bogus policeman—who was not afraid in the office of the chief. Sheets went into the hall, and returned with the statement that he could get seven hundred and fifty dollars. McWhirter protested, and the chief went out again, and came back with a thousand dollars. He gave that to McWhirter and sent him out of town. The thieves resumed their protected life. One of them is now serving a sentence in the penitentiary for his part in the transaction.

George Sheets is today chief of detectives and the actual head of the police department of Salt Lake.

Martin E. Mulvey is today a candidate for the council from the Fifth municipal ward. In 1903 he was likewise a candidate for the same office from the same ward. He was beaten then, and here is what the Tribune said about him:

Martin E. Mulvey is relying for election upon the vote which is distinctly classed as the vote of the underworld; the votes of thieves, prostitutes, and the lawless classes generally. Without the support of that class his chances for election would not be worth the spending of a nickel upon. Yet there is no lack of dirty coin in his campaign. He has been a member of the council before, and he did the city no good. His candidacy now bodes no good to the city.

We call upon all fair and decent-minded citizens of the Fifth municipal ward to come forward in indignant protest against the pretensions of this man, and bury him so deep under their ballots on Tuesday next that—politically—he will never be heard of again.

The Tribune is now supporting Mulvey, solely because he is a candidate of the Tribune's party; because he is useful to the bosses of that party. He is precisely the same old Mulvey now that he was when the Tribune described him. And if he should have been defeated then, he certainly ought not to be elected now.

And it is not possible that the good people of Salt Lake want to vote their approval of the stockade; which is precisely what they would do if they elected John S. Bransford. Here is Mr. Bransford's own statement of his responsibility for the stockade. No one charges him with more than he boasts himself claims for himself:

MAYOR JOHN BRANSFORD IN SALT LAKE HERALD, DECEMBER EIGHTH, 1908.

With reference to the proposed new district, the houses of which are in process of construction, I WISH TO SAY THAT I AM THOROUGHLY IN FAVOR OF IT, and that it was at my suggestion that the work was begun.

WITH THE POWER VESTED IN ME AS MAYOR OF SALT LAKE CITY, I propose to take these women from the business section of the city and put them in the new district.

I asked Mr. Mulvey to find some person or company that would consent to erect the buildings in the district after the general plans, and who would consent to have the entire district under constant police regulation. Mr. Mulvey found some people who considered the matter, but finally they decided not to undertake the project.

Then it was that we got into communication with the Ogden people. THEY AGREED TO MY TERMS, and I told them if they did as I wished, and followed out the directions, I gave them my word that I would see to it that the women of the downtown district were removed to the new location. ACTING SOLELY ON MY ASSURANCE THAT THE REMOVAL WOULD BE MADE, THESE PEOPLE INVESTED THEIR MONEY, AND HAVE BUILT THE BUILDINGS AFTER MY SUGGESTION. The buildings are now up, and the removal of the women to the new district will be made very soon.

And yet a Republican defeat on Nov. 2 means the endorsement of Bransford—stockade and all; the endorsement of Mulvey—underworld and all; the endorsement of George Sheets—record and all! Salt Lake is not likely to so declare itself.

CHANCE TO SHOW APPRECIATION.

Our western people are generally quick to show their appreciation of service. And there is a chance in the Pacific Monthly for October. That paper carries three articles that must be highly prized by all residents of the western country. They are:

"Getting a Piece of Land in the West," by one of the editors;

"Uncle Sam, Real Estate Agent," by C. J. Blanchard, U. S. R. S.; and,

"Artesian Waters in the West," by N. H. Darton, U. S. G. S.

All are capably illustrated, and each tells in its own way not only the wonders of resources in what

has been called the arid country, and the wilderness generally, but the best means of getting the values out of those conditions.

The magazine is a particularly good one for mountain people to have. It is one of peculiar value to them. It deals with their own problems. And it is one of the first far-west magazines that have been managed so capably as to make a living.

THEY NEVER DID LIKE CROW.

People who still are so misguided as to read the Tribune, shrug their shoulders a little when they observe that paper's silence as to John Bransford. They know why the silence comes. They know how bitterly the Tribune crowd hates John Bransford; how they have wallowed him in the past when he has been off the reservation. And if they dared, they would revolt at the dish of crow expressed in his candidacy, and never give him a pleasant smile.

But they are in a very hard place. They have all along declared John's stockade record is against him. The leaders of the party condole with John by telling him he has it coming to him—having reference to the publication of his own declaration on the stockade question.

Very, very bitter is the support of John Bransford to the whole Tribune outfit—owners and hirelings. But they have to take it. They are compelled to accept the unsavory dish. They must declare they like it. They dare not declare themselves in the open as they do in privacy—where they are telling every night what a "mutt" John Bransford is, and was always will be. That is the way they describe their candidate.

They never did like crow. But they are getting a supply of it in the candidacy of that man which will upset their political stomachs for the next two years.

JUST OPEN YOUR EYES.

Let the fair-minded Salt Lake man simply open his eyes and look at that wooden stave matter in the west side. The original contract was for sixteen thousand dollars. If the work had been done exactly according to contract, the price would have been big enough—and would have provided a melon of respectable size for the cutting of the crowd.

But the attempt to give Pat Moran twenty thousand dollars to "repair" that pipe, even before it was finished—is one of the things that cannot be explained to the taxpayer.

It will be observed that Mr. Bransford has done everything in his power to give Moran the money. Moran was far too valuable to Bransford in the pre-convention campaign to be ignored now. And his perfectly impossible bill has been railroaded just as far as Bransford and the bosses of the American party can send it.

Owing to the stern objection of Mr. Murdoch, seconded by a few of his fellow councilmen, the claim has been held up. And it is possible, through the disclosures Mr. Murdoch has compelled, that a little money may be lopped off the "repair" price.

That will leave a little less graft than has been planned on by the machine. But it will be rich enough in all conscience—for a work that was to have cost sixteen thousand dollars is going to cost thirty thousand at the very least.

Open your eyes, citizens, and take warning. The gang is fattening on the graft it grabs from the pockets of the people.

WHAT EZRA THOMPSON PROVED.

When Ezra Thompson was mayor of the city, he insisted on being mayor. He recognized the fact that no man can always have his way, and made such concessions as he had to in order to keep peace in the party.

But he came to the place where he was commanded to abjectly obey the dictates of the gang, and he positively refused. In the fight that followed, it was made clear that if he did not do as the gang demanded, the gang would defeat his every move for the good of the city. They were willing to scuttle the ship in order to coerce the captain.

Ezra Thompson resigned the office of mayor of Salt Lake simply because he could not do his duty. The gang was too strong for him. They drove him out of office. And in doing so they proved that "no elected or appointed official in the city of Salt Lake is responsible to the people," but that every officer is responsible to the gang.

That is what Ezra Thompson proved. And unless the people of this city like the gang to control, the vote on Nov. 2 will be against the candidate of the gang, John S. Bransford, and the rest of his ticket.

THE POLICEMEN WERE TOO BUSY.

Monday forenoon, between 10 and 11 o'clock, at the corner of Main and Second South streets, two men engaged in a fist fight that lasted just ten minutes. It was one of the bitterest, bloodiest fights that can be imagined. The pavement is still stained with the blood they shed in their savage struggle.

And not a policeman came!

The policemen are far too busy working for the vindication of George Sheets to waste any time preserving the peace on the city's most public corner.

They are far too busy taking care of the political interests of the gang that controls the American party. They can't be troubled to stop public fighting on the street.

That little battle at the beginning of the week is just one more evidence of the need of a change in city government—a restoration of the people to their own.

You may pound wood any time you want to. The pretty weather has probably fled. But no one can ever take from the people of Salt Lake the boundless joy and the matchless beauty of the fair days that have been here this autumn.

Was there ever, anywhere, such dawns, such noons, such sunsets, and such nights? Week after week the mild sunshine has pervaded the mountain region. The gentest of winds have wafted perfume across the valleys. The glory of color published the opulence of Utah's autumn season. And in a time when we read of snow and sleet and rain and tornadoes in other parts of the country, there was simply ideal weather at Salt Lake.

Dark days may come—and welcome. But, however wild and angry they may be, they cannot take from us what we have had—the most perfect weather in all the range of earth's October.

What the people want to know is: Where does the money go? And that they never can find out till the present city party is thrown out, and the books are opened.

The general manager and the managing editor of the Tribune vouch for the genuineness of the Driskell confession. Now will Mr. Driskell return the compliment, and vouch for them? And if not, will anyone else?

Come, come, Mr. Tribune. Speak up and say something for John Bransford.

The question before the house is: Is Martin Mulvey better, or is the Tribune worse than in 1903?

With James Murdoch as mayor, do you think they could get any of those grafts through the council? Not in a thousand years.



Z. C. M. I. has already sold more Tailored Suits than in any previous season

Our exceptionally fine display is simply delightful. New arrivals are continually coming to hand, keeping our variety fresh and strictly up-to-date.

If you have not yet selected your suit for fall and winter wear, we invite you to call and inspect our line before doing so.

Quality, style and price are the essential features—when choosing your suit we invite comparison.

\$15 to \$150

A woman's entire appearance can be completely spoiled if her hat lacks style or harmony.

We are showing the most stylish conceptions, patterned after the world's leading milliners—the newest shapes and most up-to-date styles.



OUR DRUG STORE IS AT 12-14 SOUTH MAIN ST.

WHEN A MAN BUYS A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT DOESN'T "SUIT HIS TASTE," HE DOES JUST WHAT THE WHALE DID TO JONAH--GETS RID OF HIM AT ONCE.

WE'RE "SPOUTING" BECAUSE WE HAVE A "WHALING" BIG STOCK OF "CHESTERFIELD" CLOTHES FOR YOU TO SELECT FROM--AND CAN GRATIFY THE TASTES OF A JONAH OR ANYONE ELSE AT A SAVING OF ABOUT 20 PER CENT. WHEN YOU CONSIDER QUALITY AND TAILORING.

GRAY BROS. & CO.,

258 SO. MAIN STREET

WHERE THE "CHESTERFIELDS" LIVE

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

FEDERAL ELY COPPER COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.—Notice: There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of delinquency on assessment No. 3, levied April 23, 1909, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

No. Name.	Shares.	Amount.
31 W. A. Lee	1,000	\$20.00
32 W. A. Lee	1,000	20.00
33 W. A. Lee	1,000	20.00
34 V. S. Ayres	100	2.00
59 Gordon Grant, part of 100	10	.20
62 Fred Dorn	500	6.00
90 C. L. Whitney	100	2.00
91 C. L. Whitney	100	2.00
92 C. L. Whitney	100	2.00
93 C. L. Whitney	100	2.00
94 C. L. Whitney	100	2.00
138 E. M. West & Co., part of 500	5	.10
332 Jas. A. Pollock & Co., part of 500	305	6.10
412 Owen Green	7,000	140.00
461 H. H. Walker	50	1.00
462 J. R. Walker	50	1.00
634 Streets & Neel	100	2.00
641 E. C. Hard, part of 100	15	.30
610 C. S. Hoag	100	2.00
615 A. Beak Fuge	500	10.00
624 Streets & Neel	100	2.00
673 S. H. Knapp	500	10.00
748 Geo. T. Badger	10,000	200.00
842 Lee Glockner	500	10.00
850 Margaret E. Malone	500	10.00
896 S. M. West	500	10.00
852 A. C. Cooper	10,000	200.00
200 A. D. Smith	10,000	200.00
510 Mrs. Anna Polhemus, part of 500	85	6.50
913 Natalie Townsend, part of 200	325	1.70
942 John T. Hodson	1,000	20.00
945 C. H. Post, part of 500	310	6.20
957 E. H. Knapp	500	10.00
972 John T. Hodson	1,000	20.00
975 Mrs. Sarah Goodwin	100	2.00
988 Robert Pringle	605	12.10
989 Robert Pringle	610	12.20
990 Robert Pringle	600	12.00
1002 Charles Hawkins	600	12.00
1005 E. C. Cook	35	2.00
1008 J. Bourgard, Jr., part of 100	200	4.00
1009 A. L. Inglesby	500	10.00
1011 John Kolotouros	500	10.00
1017 Binford & Hulse	500	10.00
1018 Binford & Hulse	500	10.00
1075 G. T. Sharp	25	5.00
1125 G. S. Hoag	100	2.00
1194 E. G. Skiffins	350	7.00
1233 Tony Corak	100	2.00
1304 G. S. Hoag	25	.50
1306 J. H. Nicholas	500	10.00
1321 S. H. Knapp	10,000	200.00
1333 S. H. Knapp	5,000	100.00

By order of the board of directors the sale of the stock of the Federal Ely Copper company, on account of delinquency on assessment No. 3, is hereby continued until Thursday, the 15th day of July, 1909, at 2:30 o'clock p. m. of said day, at Room 207, D. F. Walker building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

By order of the board of directors the sale of the stock of the Federal Ely Copper company, on account of delinquency on assessment No. 3, is hereby continued until Saturday, the 30th day of September, 1909, at 2:30 o'clock p. m. of said day, at Room 207, D. F. Walker building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Notice to Water Users.

State Engineer's Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, September 30, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that the Emigration Canyon Improvement company, by its vice president, Jacob F. Gates, whose postoffice address is Salt Lake City, Utah, has made application in accordance with the requirements of the Compiled Laws of Utah, 1896, as amended by the Session Laws of Utah, 1909, to appropriate one (1) cubic foot per second of water from Little Mountain Creek, Salt Lake county, Utah. Said water will be diverted at a point which bears north 59 degrees 15 minutes east 500 feet distant from the southwest corner of the north-east quarter of section 33, township 1 north, range 2 east, Salt Lake base and meridian, from where it will be conveyed by means of an earthen ditch, for a distance of 2,500 feet and there used from April 1 to September 15, inclusive, of each year, to irrigate 100 acres of land embraced in section 33, township 1 north, range 2 east, Salt Lake base and meridian. As much of said water as may be necessary will be used from January 1 to December 31, inclusive, of each year, for domestic purposes. This application is designated in the State Engineer's office as No. 238.

All protests against the granting of said application, stating the reasons therefor, must be made by affidavit in duplicate and filed in this office within thirty days after the closing of the publication of this notice.

By order of the board of directors the sale of